

Weekend Visit

I.

The Halloween block party
And tonight the time changes.
I've come home to visit my love.
We're at his apartment
(It's really just a room)
and he's in the half-bath.
The time changes tonight, I
Say through the narrow blue door.
The cops are out in riot gear
And riot gear makes a riot, he replies,
His favorite piece of local
Common knowledge.

II.

The drive to your mother's house is long,
But for your sake it seems short.
I try to like your mother,
Though you must know I do not,
Even if three years – only two? – has made me love her.
And I won't speak to your step father
If he doesn't speak to me. I always say this,
But I always speak; and he,
Sometimes, graces me with a grunt.
When we arrive, the sister you adore is rude,
Thoughtless, we agree,
On the long, angry drive home.

III.

When I return from the bathroom, you are asleep,
Lying there all cute and lovable, warm, still
Damp with sweat and smelling of sex.
My naked body is cold with the night's chill
When I slide under the covers, careful not to wake you
With cool fingers and icy toes. I lie awake
For an hour, nestled into your hair, listening
To the traffic outside and your sleeping breath beside me.

-Jacqueline Hawk